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A Christmas Greeting

Violets

written by Annie C. McQueen

illustrated by

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Violets blue
Violets true,
Daintily sweet,
and all for you.

Violets snug in the green house say,
Do you know aught of the Christmas day?
You who come with the April sun,
And go ere Summer is begun.

O For now shall you weave in a love knot, meet,
To carry my Christmas greeting sweet,
Rare fragrance breathing, go and tell,
My fond thoughts; nought could speak as well.

"Violets snug in the green-house."

Look in her dear eyes, be they blue,
Swear that you cannot match the hue,
But only come to borrow the light,
And tinting rare of their glances bright.

Dreaming fair of a cherised day,
When shaking the dew drops off in spray,
Your wakening eyes first turned on high,
To meet the smile of a morning sky.

in her dear eyes

And if they be of a tender brown,
Then little violets all bow down,
Say that missing the Spring-t[illegible]
Knew for the sunlight where to go.

That they mind you fond of a lovely place,
[illegible]
And leaves close woven glinting through,
The sunlight warm and l[illegible]

That they mind you
fond of a lovely

Where waters calm reflect
your face".

For I know not what
But only they are sweet to me,
truest flowers that stud the dell.

Of Christmas-tide in
For a softer light shall
than the Spring-time;

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